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CRY**

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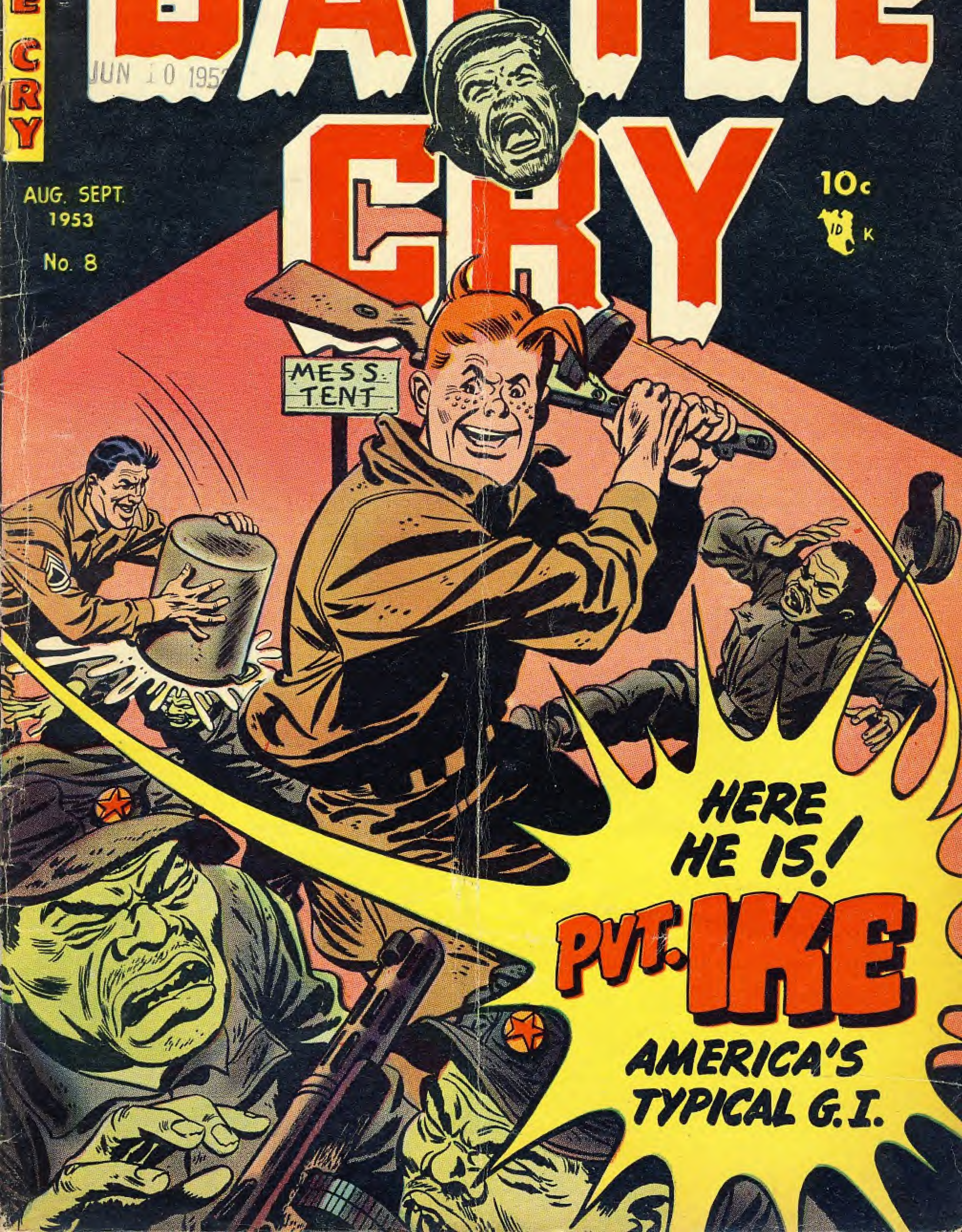
# BATTLE CRY

JUN 10 1953

AUG. SEPT.  
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No. 8

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**HERE  
HE IS!**

**PVT. IKE**

**AMERICA'S  
TYPICAL G.I.**





WEB COMIC  
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# PVT. IKE <sup>IN</sup> "A DATE <sup>with</sup> FIFI"

WHEN PVT. IKE AND SGT. MAGOON TANGLE OVER A BEAUTIFUL EYEFUL- THEY STIR UP A TUB-FULL OF TROUBLE THAT WOULD MAKE THE THREE WITCHES IN MACBETH TURN GREEN WITH ENVY!

WOW! HEY IKE - WILL YA LOOK AT WOT JUST GOT OFF THAT TRUCK! IT MUST BE FIFI LA MARE!

OO-LA-LA! SO LONG, MAGOON! HERE'S WHERE I TAKE FRENCH LEAVE!



COOPS! HOLD IT, FELLAS! WE'RE MOVING A LITTLE AHEAD OF OUR STORY, SO LET'S GO BACK A FEW DAYS TO TOP OF AN AMERICAN HELD RIDGE IN KOREA WHERE PVT. IKE AND HIS BUDDIES FROM DOG COMPANY ARE DESPERATELY TRYING TO STEM THE RED TIDE WHICH IS ABOUT TO OVERFLOW THEIR POSITION!

HOLY CROCKEYE, IKE! ARE YOU TRYIN' TO WIN THE WAR ALL BY YERSELF?

NO CRUMMY RED IS GONNA PASS BY ME!





YAHOO! LOOKIT THE RED RABBITS RUN!

YEAH, IKE! AN' SO THEY SHOULDN'T THINK WE FORGOT OUR MANNER, LET'S KISS 'EM BYE-BYE WITH HOT LEAD!

BRATATATAT!

POW

KPOW  
POW



WHEW! THAT WAS A ROUGH SWEAT, IKE! THE BOYS CAN'T GET OVER HOW YOU TOOK COMMAND WHEN SGT. MORSE GOT HIT! BOY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FER YOU...

KNOCK OFF NIPPY! ANYONE COULD HAVE DONE IT! POOR MORSE... WONDER WHO'LL REPLACE HIM?

WHO CARES, AS LONG AS THEY SEND REPLACEMENT FOR US SO WE CAN GET OFF THIS RIDGE!



AND FOR A JOB WELL DONE, THE BOYS OF "DOG" COMPANY ARE SENT TO A REST AREA!

HEY, NIPPY! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT OVER IN FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS?

GOLLY, IKE! DIDN'TCHA HEAR? **FIFI LA MARE**, THE MOVIE STAR IS COMIN' TO ENTERTAIN US!



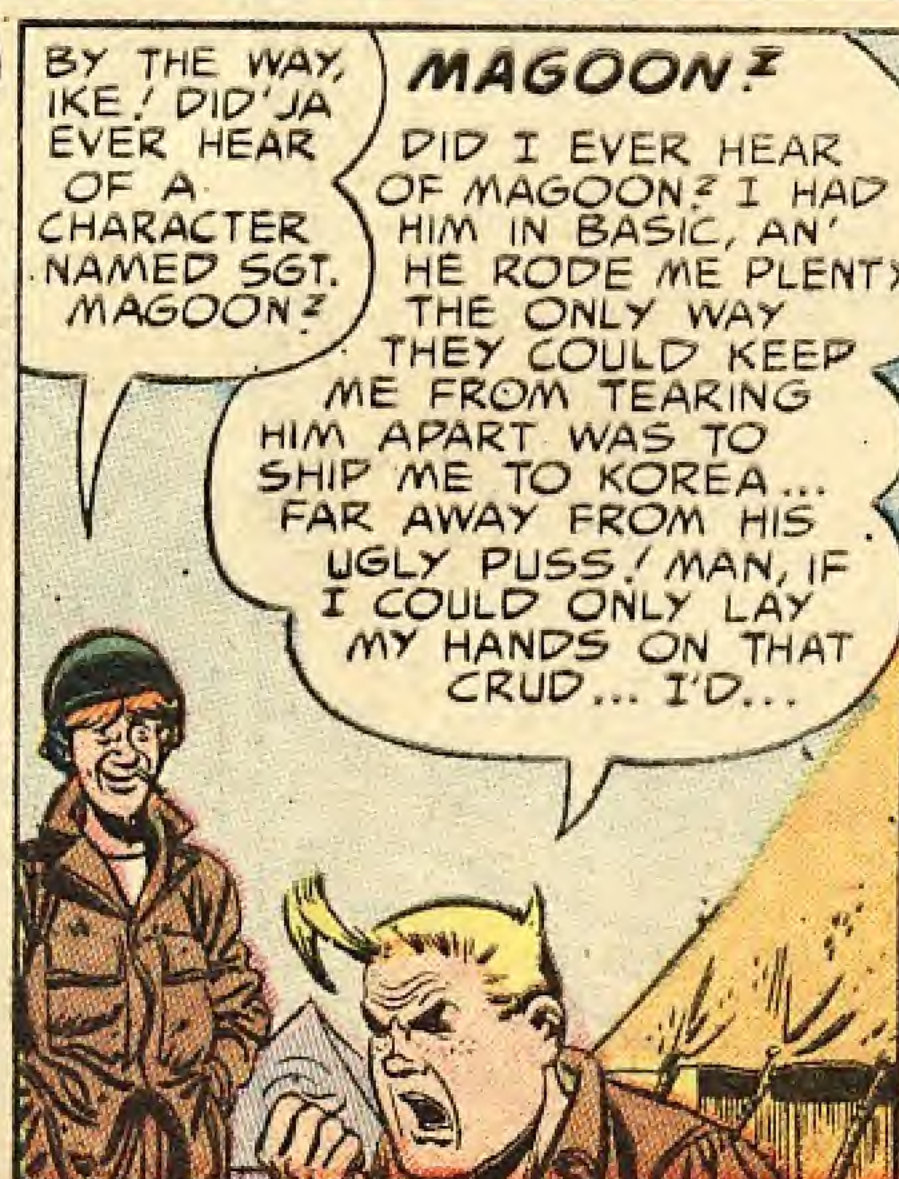
**FIFI LA MARE!** NEVER HEARD OF HER!

HOW COULD YA? SHE JUST FINISHED HER FIRST PICTURE AND WE'RE GONNA SEE IT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE! WHAT'S MORE... THE OUTSTANDIN' SOLDIER IN THE OUTFIT'S GONNA HAVE A DATE TO ESCORT FIFI TO THE PREVIEW TONIGHT!



AN' FROM WOT I HEAR, THE MAJOR'S RECOMMENDIN' YOU... BECAUSE OF THE WAY YOU TOOK OVER WHEN SGT. MORSE GOT HIT!

REALLY? CHEE! WHAT DO Y' KNOW?



BY THE WAY, IKE! DID'JA EVER HEAR OF A CHARACTER NAMED SGT. MAGOON?

**MAGOON?**

DID I EVER HEAR OF MAGOON? I HAD HIM IN BASIC, AN' HE RODE ME PLENTY! THE ONLY WAY THEY COULD KEEP ME FROM TEARING HIM APART WAS TO SHIP ME TO KOREA... FAR AWAY FROM HIS UGLY PUSS! MAN, IF I COULD ONLY LAY MY HANDS ON THAT CRUD... I'D...



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, SUNNY, IS JUST REACH OUT AND GRAB...



**MAGOON!**

HOW TH... WHO  
TH... WHY TH...  
WHAT TH...

RELAX, MEATHEAD! I'M  
REPLACING SGT. MORSE  
AS PLATOON SGT.! NOW  
WE TWO CAN BE AS CLOSE  
AS CARTRIDGES IN A CLIP!

I TRIED  
TA TELL  
YA, IKE...

GET LOST, NOONAN! AS FER YOU, BIRDBRAIN!  
MY FIRST OFFICAL ACT IS TO PUT YOU IN  
A PLACE WHERE YER TALENTS WILL REALLY  
BE APPRECIATED... **IN THE KITCHEN!**  
AN' MAYBE NEXT  
TIME YOU WON'T  
MAKE ANY NASTY  
REMARKS ABOUT  
YER SERGEANT!

SEE HERE, MAGOON!  
YOU CAN'T DO THAT  
TO ME!

**LATER...**

NUTS! HOW  
CAN A GUY  
BE HAPPY  
PEELIN'  
ONIONS?

AW WHAT'RE YOU  
BLUBBERIN' 'BOUT?  
YER LUCKY I  
HAVEN'T GOT YOU  
DIGGIN' DITCHES!

HAVE A HEART, SARGE!  
GET ME OFF KITCHEN  
DETAIL... I'VE  
GOT A DATE  
WITH FIFI  
LA MARE  
TONIGHT!

NOW AIN'T THAT  
TOUGH! I HAVEN'T  
FORGOTTEN THAT RED  
HEAD YA STOLE FROM ME IN  
PADUCAH! AN THAT BLIND DATE  
YOU STUCK ME WITH IN AMARRILO!  
EVEN WHEN I PUT ON DARK  
GLASSES, SHE STILL LOOKED  
LIKE THE NINTH PRIZE AT A  
CATTLE SHOW!

I WOULDN'T SAY  
THAT, SARGE! COME  
TO THINK OF IT, YOU  
BOTH MADE A  
CHARMING COUPLE..  
**NICE AND UGLY!**

I'VE HAD ENOUGH  
OF YOUR GUFF!  
ONE MORE CRACK  
OUTTA YOU, AN'  
I'LL KNOCK YOU  
INTO NORTH  
KOREA!

YEAH?  
YOU AN'  
WHAT  
ARMY...

ME, MYSELF AND  
I...YI...YI...YI... GET  
A LOAD OF WHAT'S  
UNLOADIN' FROM  
THAT TRUCK!

HUH? WOWEE!  
**THAT MUST  
BE FIFI!**







A WHOLE TRUCK-LOAD OF COMMIES! I GET IT!  
A TROJAN HORSE — WITH YOU AS THE BAIT  
SO THESE APES COULD INFILTRATE  
BEHIND OUR LINES!

BUT, I —



SAVE IT, SISTER! I FELL FOR YOU ONCE,  
NOW IT'S YOUR TIME TO FALL! THERE..  
TAKE BACK YOUR DOUBLE-  
DEALIN' DOLL!



YOU GUYS CAME TO THE KITCHEN SO  
YOU MUST BE HUNGRY! HAVE SOME  
HAM!



AND EGGS —



AN' HERE'S A PAN  
TO FRY 'EM IN!



WOO-HOO-HOO-  
HOOPS!

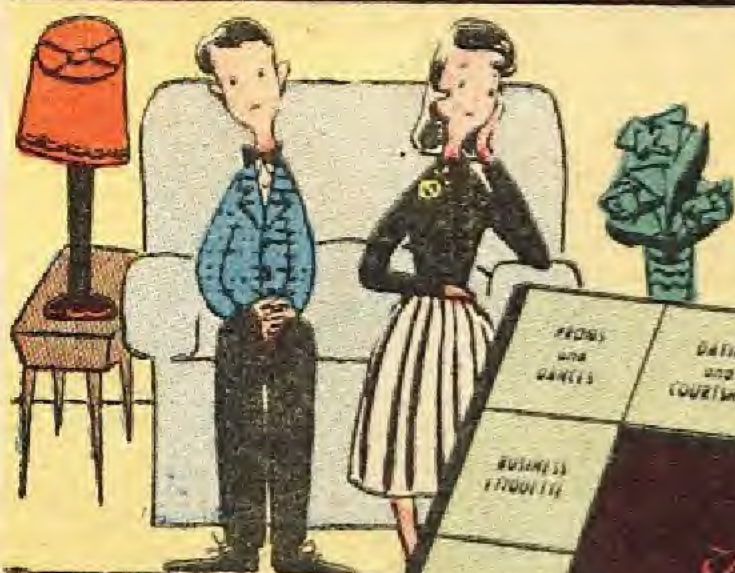








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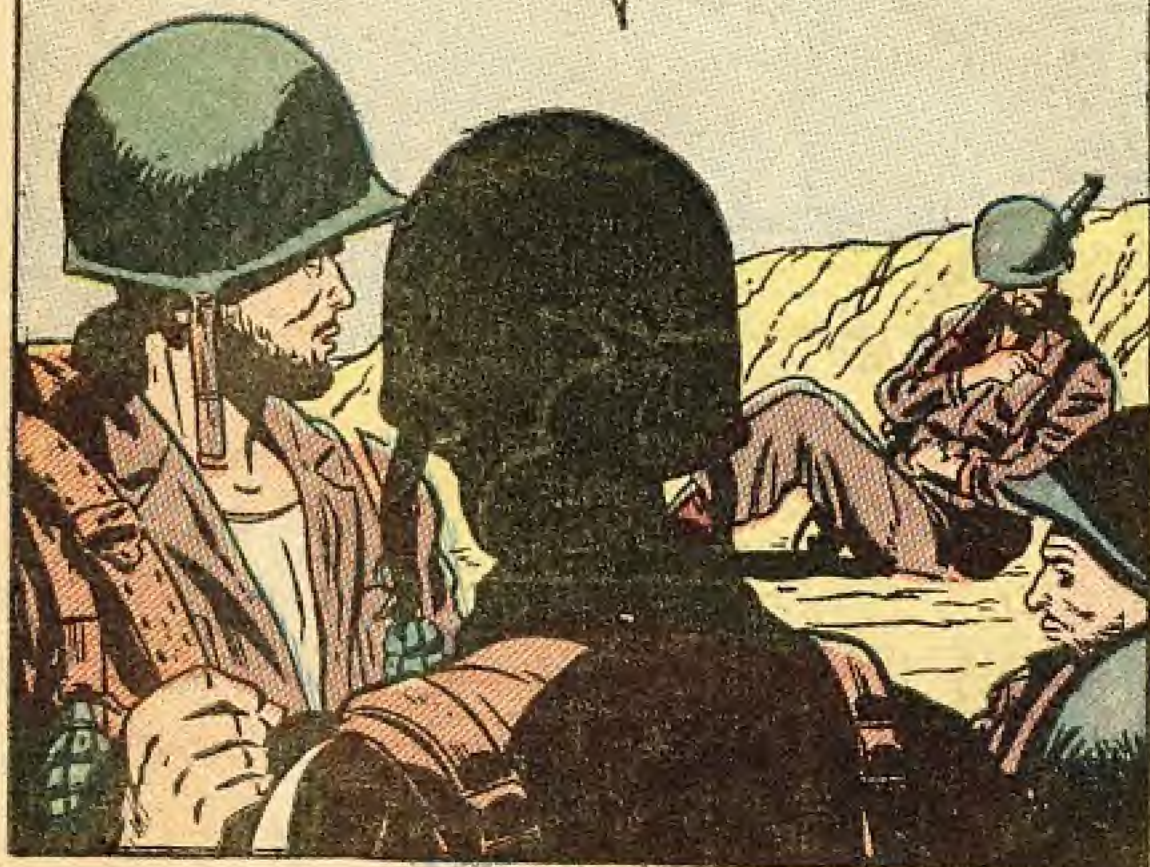
YOU MEET ONE WHEREVER THERE ARE AMERICAN TROOPS-THE G.I. WHO GRIPES AND ARGUES ABOUT EVERYTHING...WHOSE SOLE DESIRE IS TO GET HIS DISCHARGE AND GO HOME. SUCH WAS JOE COLLINS WHO AFTER 14 MONTHS OF CONTINUOUS FIGHTING WAS KNOWN AS THE...

# VETERAN!



WHAT'S EATIN' VET, MAC?

DUNNO. BEEN DOWN IN THE DUMPS ALL DAY!



THE BRASS CALLED HIM DOWN TO THE COMMAND POST THIS MORNIN' AND HE HASN'T SPOKEN A WORD SINCE!

THEY PROBABLY GAVE HIM A FEW MORE MONTHS IN THIS RAT TRAP!







ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS,  
WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!  
LET'S GO! THERE'S  
A WAR ON!

ALL RIGHT, VET, WE KNOW YA BEEN HERE  
A LONG TIME -- BUT THERE'S NO USE  
MOPIN'... YOUR DAY WILL COME  
SOON! YOU'LL SEE!



CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR GRIPING!  
POOR GUY'S BEEN IN THIS HELL  
HOLE FOR 14 MONTHS! TIME  
THEY SENT HIM STATE SIDE  
BEFORE HE CRACKS UP!



**W**HILE MOVING UP TO THE LINES, THE REDS  
STARTED THE MAIL COMING IN WITH A  
HEAVY BARRAGE...



DIG IN, YOU GUYS, AND TAKE  
COVER! WE GOTTA FIND OUT  
WHERE THE GOOKS ARE  
SENDIN' THIS FROM!





**S**GT. PYLE, STUNNED BY THE SURPRISE ATTACK, CALLED HEAD-QUARTERS TO RELAY THE INFORMATION AND RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS FOR HIS COMPANY!

WHAT GIVES, CAPTAIN? WE RAN INTO SOME INCOMING MAIL! THAT WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT!

PYLE, YOU BETTER SEND OUT A PATROL AND GET THE DATA ON THEIR LOCATION AND SIZE!



C'MON, VET, UP AND AT 'EM! WE'RE GOING ON A LITTLE PATROL!



SEE WHAT HAPPENS, KID, THE MORE TIME YOU HAVE ON THE LINES, THE MORE YOU GET TO FIGHT! IT'S NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO!



THEY'VE SPOTTED US! HIT THE DIRT AND TAKE COVER!



HEY, BOY... THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO TAKE A NAP!

I'M HIT, SARGE! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! UGH!... I... CAN'T MOVE!

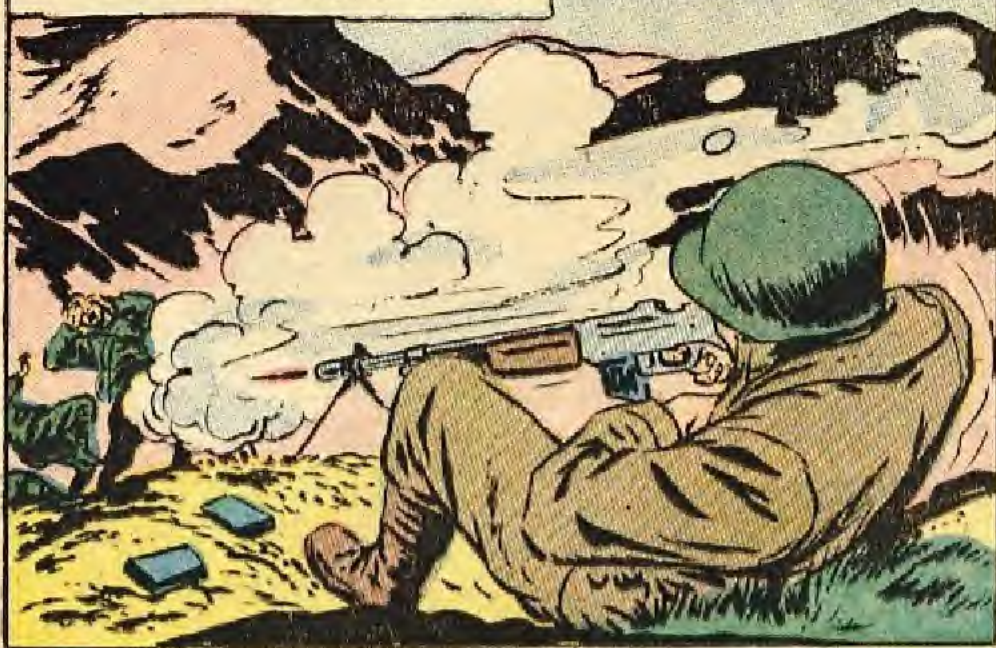


YOU LAY LOW, VET! I'LL CRAWL BACK AND GET SOME HELP. DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON!

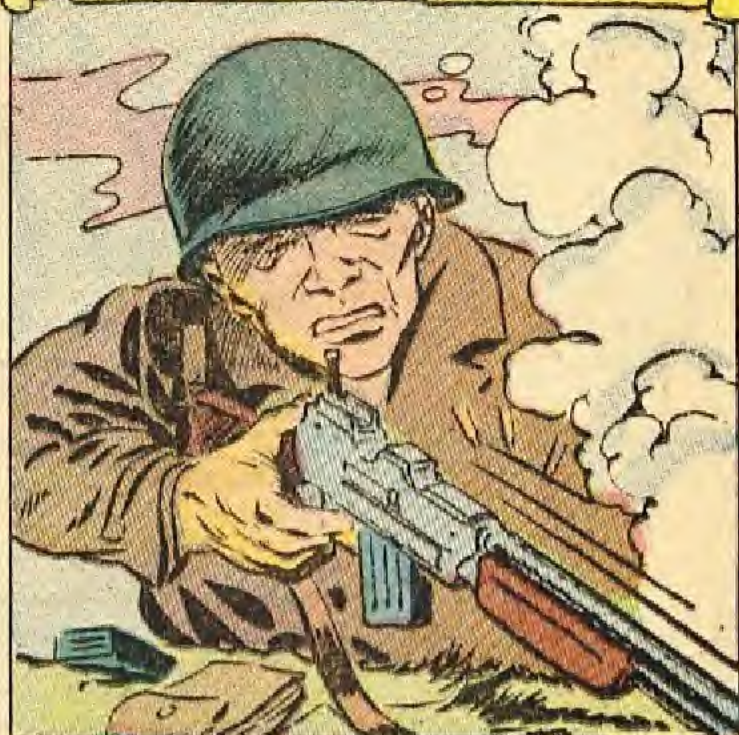




"VETERAN" JOE COLLINS LAY THERE. MINUTES LATER THE ENEMY CAME UP THE HILLSIDE TOWARD HIM. HELPLESSLY HIS FINGER GRIPPED THE TRIGGER OF HIS BROWNING AUTOMATIC.



BUT THERE WERE JUST TOO MANY OF THEM AND IT WAS JUST A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THEY CUT HIM DOWN.



HOURS LATER HELP ARRIVED ONLY TO FIND VETERAN COLLINS DEAD AND SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMY HE TOOK WITH HIM.

HEY, WHAT'S **THIS** HERE IN HIS POCKET!

HERE, LEMME SEE THAT!

WELL I'LL BE! IT'S TRANSFER ORDERS FOR HOME -- SHOULDA BEEN ON A SHIP RIGHT NOW!

14 MONTHS IN THIS HELL HOLE AND THAT'S HOW VET FINISHED HIS HITCH!



HOW CAN YOU FIGURE A GUY LIKE THAT -- STUCK TO A DIRTY JOB WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE TO...

FOR 14 MONTHS VETERAN JOE COLLINS HAD GRIPED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO GO HOME NOW, AT LONG LAST, HE WAS ON HIS WAY.

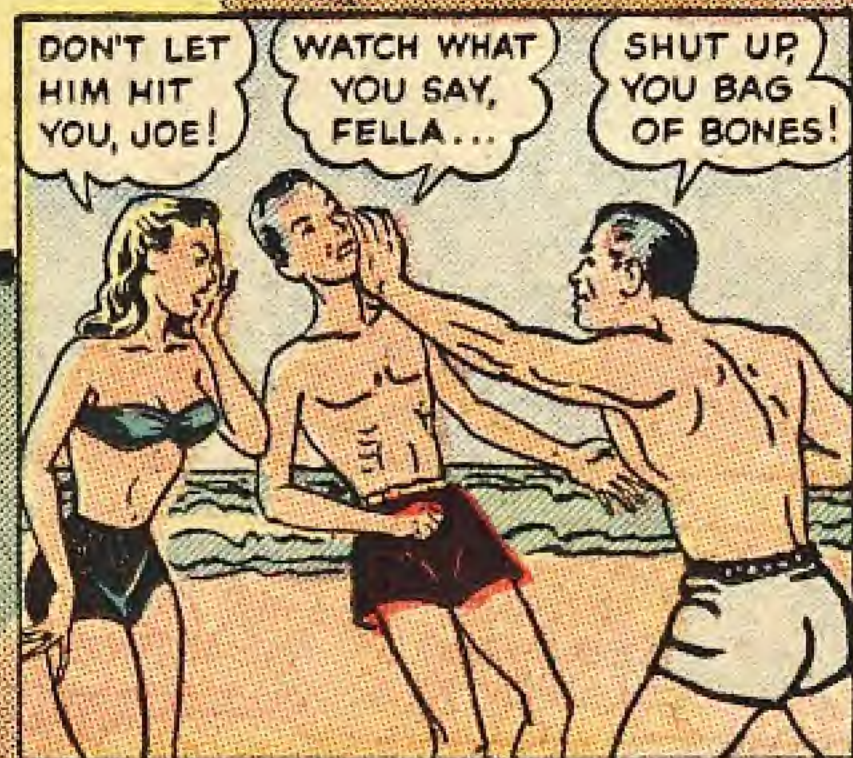


THE END.





**Hey  
SKINNY!  
...YER RIBS  
ARE SHOWING!**



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

**CHARLES  
ATLAS**

Holder of title,  
"The World's  
Most Perfectly  
Developed  
Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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THEY CALLED HIM "HOUDINI" BECAUSE HE WAS AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN. HE COULD DO THINGS WITH A ROPE OR DECK OF CARDS... AND HIS BUDDIES LOVED IT. THEY'D WATCH IN AMAZEMENT AS HE DID TRICK AFTER TRICK... FOR HOUDINI WAS THE MASTER OF THE SLEIGHT OF HAND... AND IT WAS ALL DONE WITH A...

# TWIST of the WRIST!

HEY, "HOUDINI," HOW DO YOU DO THAT TRICK WITH THE FOUR ACES?

YEAH, THAT'S THE GREATEST!

I NEVER TELL MY SECRETS... LET'S JUST SAY IT'S DONE WITH A **TWIST OF THE WRIST!**



BUT THE WAR STILL HAD TO BE FOUGHT, AND TO THESE MEN OF THE AIRBORNE INFANTRY IT WAS A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY GO INTO BATTLE...

I GOT ORDERS FOR A SMALL DETAIL AND I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS! WHO'S IT GONNA BE?



IN THE ARMY THERE IS AN UNWRITTEN LAW... NEVER VOLUNTEER... AND SO IT ALWAYS HAPPENS...

OKAY! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT! "HOUDINI" GET YOUR SIDEKICK "BROOKLYN" ON THE DOUBLE AND LET'S GO!





LISTEN, YOU JOKERS! I WANT YOU TO MOVE UP INTO THE HILLS AND FIND OUT **THE COMMIES' POSITION**, HOW MANY THERE ARE AND JUST WHAT TRICKS THEY ARE UP TO! SHOULD BE RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY, "HOUDINI"!



AND SO THE TWO G.I.'S SET OUT ON THE **RECON MISSION**, A MISSION THAT WAS TO TAKE THEM DEEP INTO ENEMY TERRITORY.

WE'LL TAKE THE JEEP AS FAR AS WE CAN... NO SENSE WALKING!



BUT FINALLY THE TERRAIN IS TOO ROUGH FOR THE JEEP AND THE MEN ARE FORCED TO MOVE ON BY FOOT!

KEEP ME COVERED, "BROOKLYN." I'LL SCOUT THIS RIDGE.



AS "HOUDINI" STARTS FOR THE RIDGE HE AND BROOKLYN FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED BY THE ENEMY'S ADVANCE PATROL.

WE'RE TRAPPED, BROOK... IT'S THE GOOKS!



STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND AMMUNITION, THE TWO SCOUTS, BOUND BY ROPE AND CAREFULLY GUARDED, ARE MARCHED BACK TO ENEMY HEADQUARTERS! PRISONERS OF WAR!



FINALLY THEY REACH THE ENEMY COMMAND POST. "HOUDINI" WILLIAMS AND "BROOKLYN" BENTLEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE RED COMMANDER!

WELL, WELL... MY ESTEEMED ENEMY! NOW YOU SEE HOW FUTILE IT IS TO FIGHT THE MIGHTY FORCE OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC!







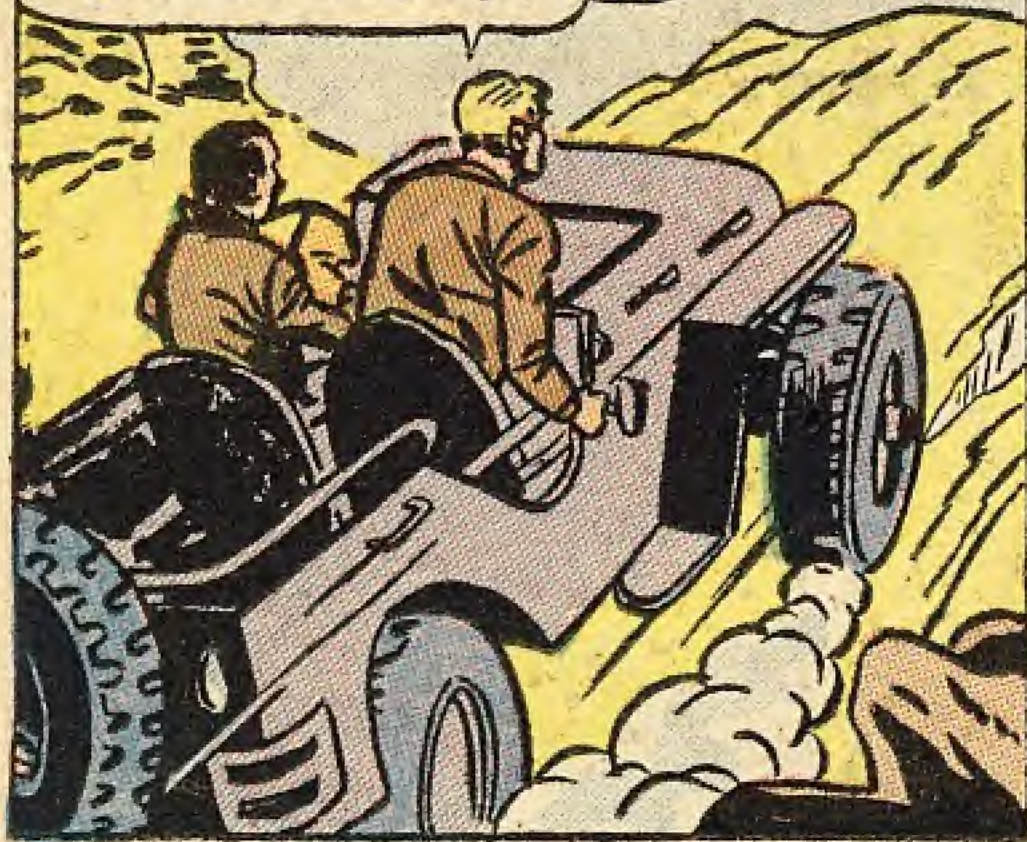
SECURELY BOUND TO A TREE, HOUDINI AND BROOKLYN PONDER OVER THE FLIGHT OF THEIR BUDDIES!



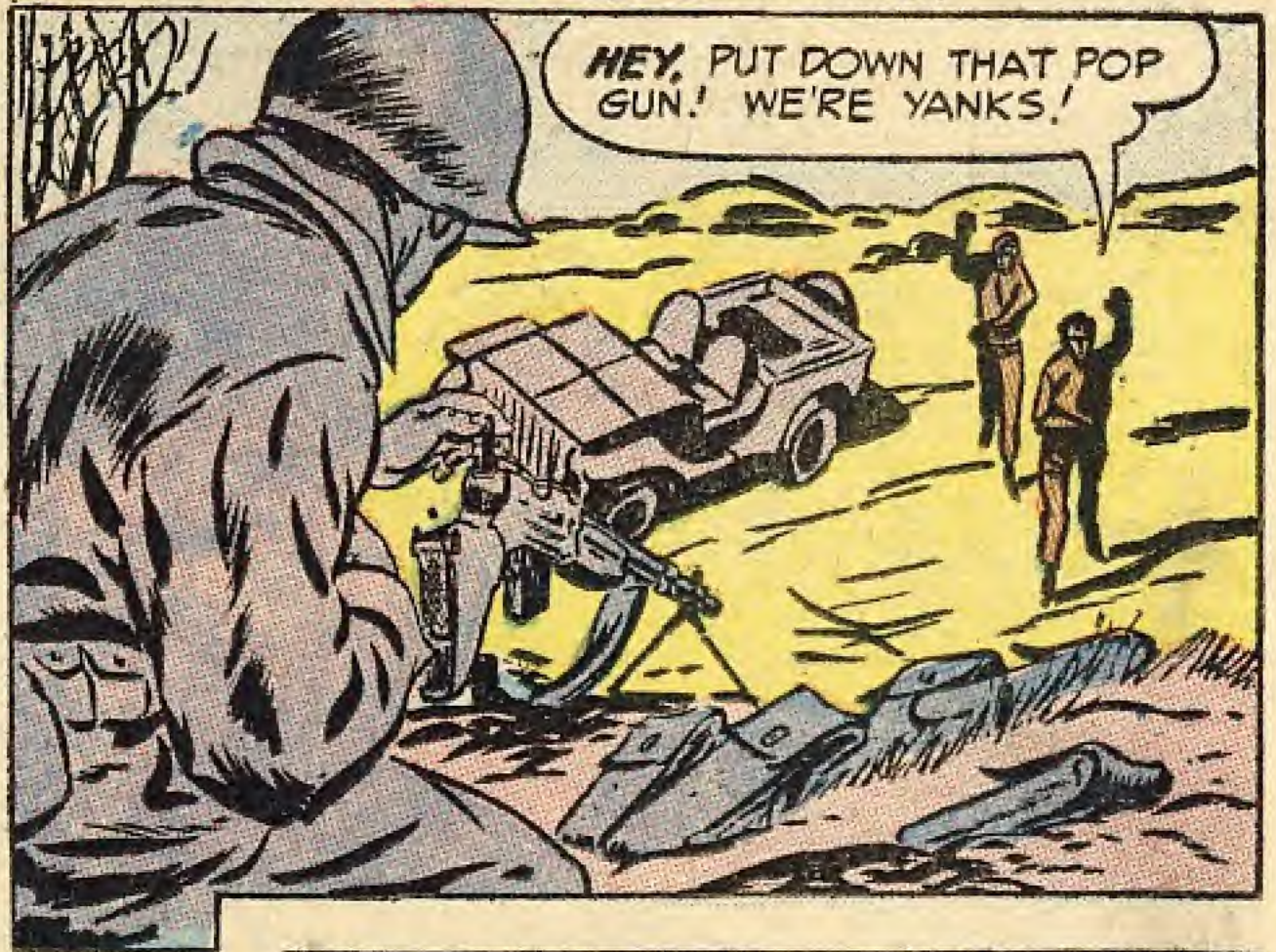


TIME WAS OF THE ESSENCE AS THE FUGITIVES RACED TOWARD THEIR OWN ADVANCE LINES...

COME ON, BROOKLYN MAKE WITH THE WINGS! LETS FLY!



DUMBOUNDED AT THE APPROACHING JEEP AND EXPECTING A RED TRICK, THE GUARD COCKS HIS RIFLE!



HEY, PUT DOWN THAT POP GUN! WE'RE YANKS!

FIRMLY SECURE BEHIND THEIR OWN LINES, TWO MEN TELL THEIR MAJOR OF THEIR EXPERIENCES WITH THE REDS AND WHAT THE ENEMY HAS IN STORE FOR THEM!



...AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! THEY'RE JUST SITTING THERE WAITING FOR US!

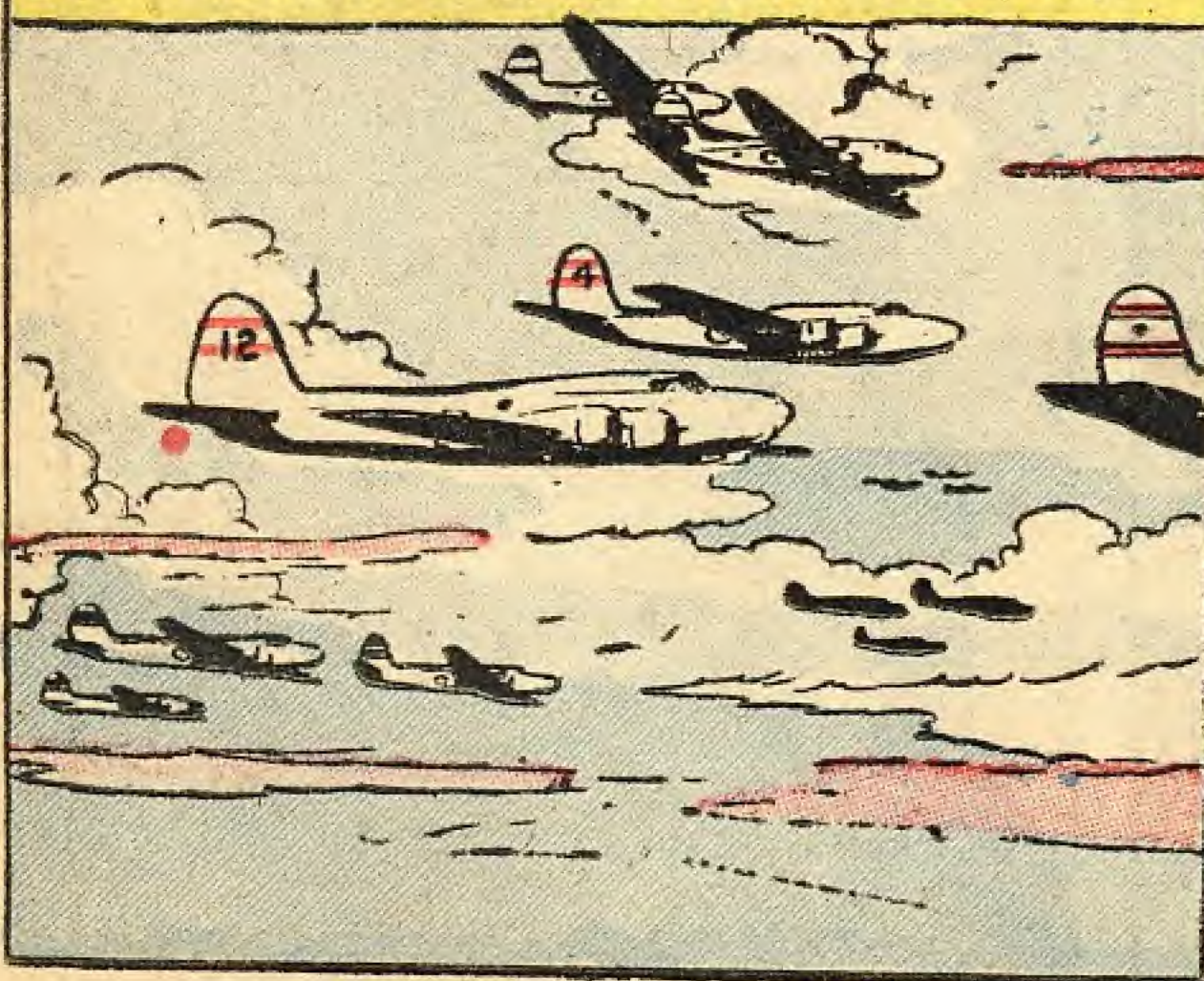
GREAT! AND THEY WON'T HAVE TOO LONG TO WAIT... ONLY WE'RE GOING TO HIT THEM FROM THE REAR!

THE PLANS ARE QUICKLY DRAWN UP AND THE AIRBORNE TROOPS ARE READY TO MOVE OUT!



ALL RIGHT, MEN, THIS IS IT! LET'S GET DOWN TO THOSE SHIPS... THIS IS WHAT THEY PAY US FOR!

THE SKIES OVER NORTH KOREA WERE SUDDENLY DARKENED BY THE HEAVY ARMADA OF TRANSPORTS THAT PLAYED THEIR PART IN THE PLAN BY SKIRTING THE ENEMY POSITIONS AND COMING IN FROM THE REAR!



AT THE DROP AREA THE AIRBORNE DIVISION HIT THE SILK! THE PARACHUTES LOOKED LIKE UMBRELLAS AS THEY FLOATED EARTHWARD... UMBRELLAS THAT COVERED THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD!





AS PLANNED THEY LAND JUST SHORT OF THE ENEMY POSITION...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY! THEY MAY BE WAITING FOR US!



NEVER EXPECTING AN ATTACK AT THEIR REAR... THE ENEMY WAS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE...

OPEN UP! WE GOT 'EM IN A CROSSFIRE!



PANIC STRICKEN, THE REDS TRIED TO REFORM, BUT THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR THE SUPERIOR FORCES THAT HAD TRAPPED THEM!

KEEP POURING IT ON... WE GOT 'EM NOW!



IN A FEW HOURS IT WAS ALL OVER AND THE DIVISION RETURNED TO THE BIVOUAC... THERE TO GET THE STORY FROM "HOUDINI."

SHOW US HOW YOU DID IT, "HOUDINI"... I HEARD YOU WERE TIED TO A TREE!

IT WAS EASY... I DID IT WITH MAGIC! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PULL... TIGHTEN, FLIP...



...AND THEN WITH A TWIST OF THE WRIST YOU'RE FREE! JUST LIKE... HEY, IT DIDN'T WORK! GULP!



THE END



# RETURN TO DARKNESS

It was dark. And I was afraid. Not of the enemy that lay up ahead among the rocks and boulders, but of the deep, penetrating night.

I had always been afraid of the dark. Even in childhood I was afraid to sleep without a light in my room . . . or go down into the dark cellar. And the fear had stayed with me all my life . . . it was something that I had taken with me into the Army.

I watched the rest of the patrol put the black grease on their faces as they prepared for the mission. Sgt. Downs went from man to man checking equipment, talking to the men, giving advice where it was needed. He was a good soldier, Sergeant Sam Downs, a good soldier and a better leader. He knew the ropes, and he respected his enemy.

"Whatsa matter, Jensen? How come you're not ready yet! We haven't got all day!"

"I'll be okay, Sarge . . . it's just that I want to get used to the dark first."

His lips curled up in a sneer. "I've heard all about this fear of yours, and it don't impress me! You're a big boy now . . . and you're going out on that patrol if I have to drag you myself!"

I turned from him and started to smear the grease around my eyes. Anything to get away from that contemptuous sneer of his. He had me all wrong. He thought I was a coward. Afraid to face the enemy. And it wasn't that at all. I had the normal fears of every infantry soldier . . . but there was something else that I was afraid of . . . the dark! How could I make Downs believe that?

We crouched in the darkness and I felt the comfort of the men alongside me. Something welled up in my throat, but I forced it back down.

A harsh whisper grated through the night. "Okay you guys, move out! But keep low and watch for my signals!"

We snaked our way through the high grass, keeping low, and watching for the enemy which we knew were around us. This was a combat patrol, designed to hit and run. To kill and destroy, and then get back to the safety of our own lines. To throw the enemy off balance.

We moved out of the grass into a rocky area. Off to my left I heard a click as somebody removed the safety from an automatic weapon. I followed suit.

Something moved toward me and I threw the BAR to my shoulder and my fingers tightened around the steel trigger.

"Put that pop-gun down, Jensen, it's me!" Sgt. Downs crawled behind the rock that I was using. "I'm leaving you here to cover our rear! The rest of us are going up ahead. If you spot anything or hear any firing come a-running!"

He snaked his way back through the grass . . . and I was left alone. In the darkness!

The blackness closed about me and I shuddered as the velvet cloak settled over the countryside. Except for the chirping of some crickets there was nothing . . . nothing, but blackness!

The sweat trickled down the small of my back and I felt the O.D. shirt plaster itself to my skin. I rubbed my clammy hands against the side of my pants and felt the soft pieces of lint that stuck to the palms. There was no use fighting it, that dreadful feeling was beginning to creep up on me again. I felt it as the blackness settled down over the rocks, and the shadows played against each other as the wind whispered among the trees. It was dark. And I was afraid.

I moved to my knees as something stirred in the darkness. I brought the gun to my shoulder and peered out into the black



depths by the grass. My fingers tightened over the trigger then relaxed as a small dark animal scurried across the moonlight and disappeared into some crevice. I wiped the sweat from my face with the arm of my shirt, then leaned exhausted against the side of a boulder.

The quietness settled down over the area and I waited. And prayed. Prayed that the darkness would lift. Or that the patrol would return. Misery loves company. Somewhere off to the East an owl hooted and I clenched my teeth. I had to get out of there. Now.

I hesitated once then made up my mind. Anything would be better than staying out there in the darkness. Alone. I decided to get back to the Company Area. Let them shoot me as a deserter, I didn't care. I had to have light. And people. But mostly light . . . anything but darkness.

I moved away from the shelter of the rock and edged down into the high grass. In half an hour I would be back at the area. In half an hour I would be alive again.

Something cracked over to the left and I halted. Froze. Then a burp gun opened up, splitting the night like an angry buzz saw. What had Downs said? Oh yes, to come a-running when I heard gunfire. But I couldn't move. Not through that darkness. Not through the unknown. But I had to.

My uniform was drenched in sweat as I forced my feet to move out. I slipped to the ground several times but kept moving. Something in my brain kept whispering, "Go back! Go back!" Instinct told me to obey, but something more than instinct kept me going toward the sound of the gunfire. I had to prove to Downs that I wasn't a coward . . . that I wasn't afraid of the darkness.

I finally made the area where the gunfire had been crisscrossing the night. I was standing on a rise between the two lines wondering what to do next when I saw what was holding up the patrol's advance. A machine gun nest lay hidden among the boulders. Every once in a while it would

stab out at the Yanks then relax. Just enough to keep them off guard. Somebody had to get that nest. Me. Me, who was so afraid of the dark he jumped at his own shadow. I was the only one who could penetrate the ribbon of black that separated the gun emplacement from my buddies.

I pushed my way through the wave of darkness and headed toward the concealed bunker. My footsteps slogged at every step and I gulped as I tried to draw in air . . . and I kept moving.

High in the heavens above a playful wind whipped at a fluffy cloud and blew it along like a balloon. The veil over the moon lifted, illuminating the entire scene with a hazy light. I could see!

In back of me a voice roared out, "Get down you fool! Jensen, come back here!" It was Downs. I laughed to myself as I broke into a semi-trot. Then the bunker opened up.

Flares blossomed overhead and the steady singing of machine gun bullets whined over my head. But I kept on. I could see!

I crouched on one knee, ripped the pin out of the grenade with my teeth, and lobbed it toward the bunker. Then I moved forward, firing the BAR hip-high like a gangster. The concussion from the explosion struck me in the face and knocked me to the ground. Another bunker opened up and I felt the fragments of steel penetrating as the grenade exploded overhead. Then I didn't feel anything . . . except the darkness and the night closing in on me.

I felt the clean sheets under my body as I struggled to a sitting position. A hospital bed. From in front of the bed a voice said, "Take it easy, Jensen, you're gonna be okay. They're gonna send you home tomorrow. Then you won't have a thing to worry about!" It was Downs.

I grinned to myself and opened my eyes. Then shuddered and felt the familiar sweat break out on my face. It was still dark . . . still night. The nightmares flashed through my mind and something snapped as I tore at the bandages . . . I was blind!



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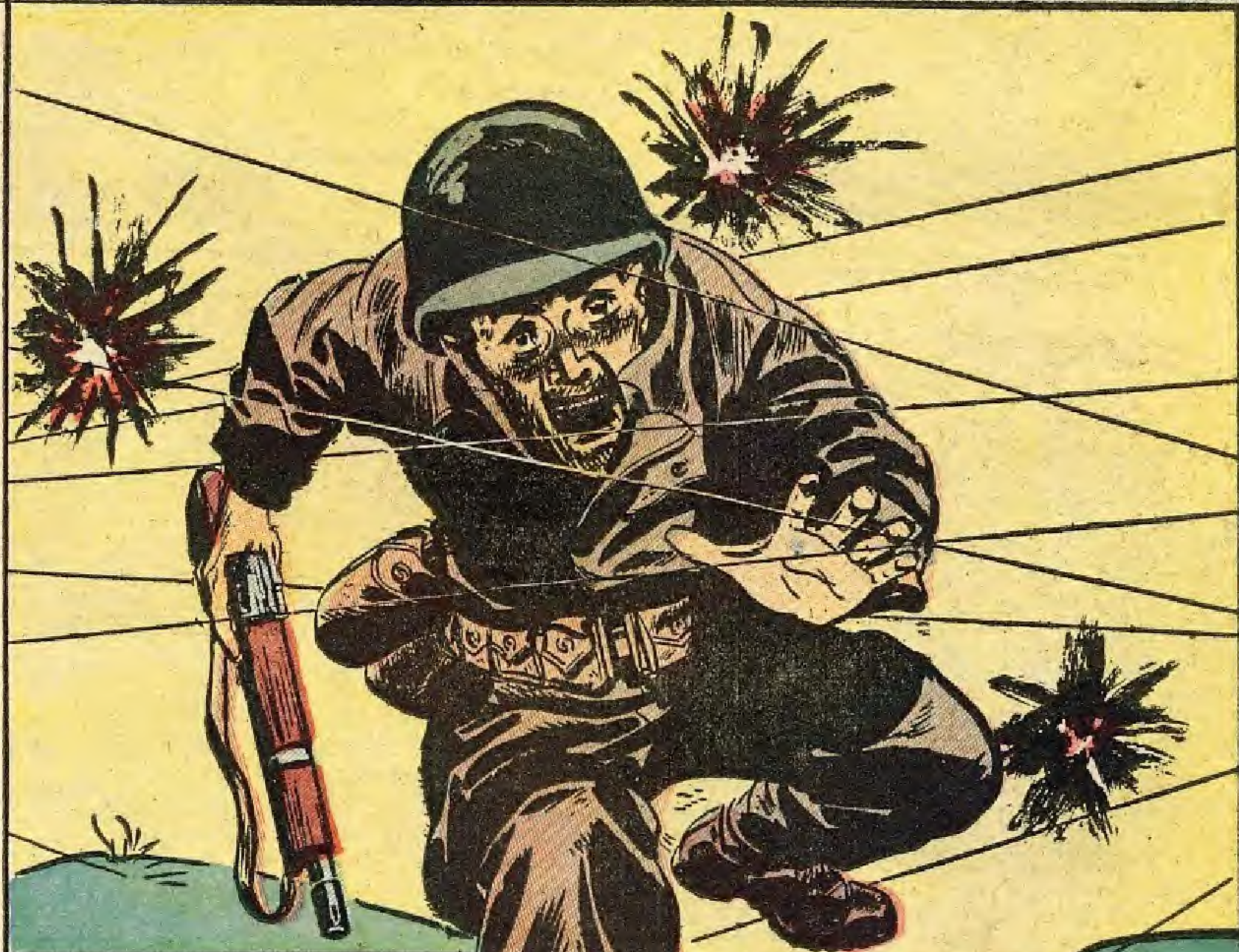
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• 1 Searchlight • 1 Ray Gun •  
1 Nuclear Laboratory • 1 Ray  
Neutralizer • 1 Mystery Planet •  
1 Transmitter • 19 Rockets



**M**EN HAVE FUNNY FEARS... ESPECIALLY IN COMBAT. BUT BOB CAIN WASN'T AFRAID OF ENEMY BULLETS... HIS FEAR WAS OF DOCTORS... OF DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS! AS FAR AS HE WAS CONCERNED, IT WAS BETTER TO GET KILLED THAN WOUNDED! THAT WAS HIS...

# OPERATION R&X!



THEY GOT  
CAIN IN A  
CROSSFIRE!

HE'S STILL GOT  
A CHANCE... IF  
HE CAN MAKE  
THAT ROCK!



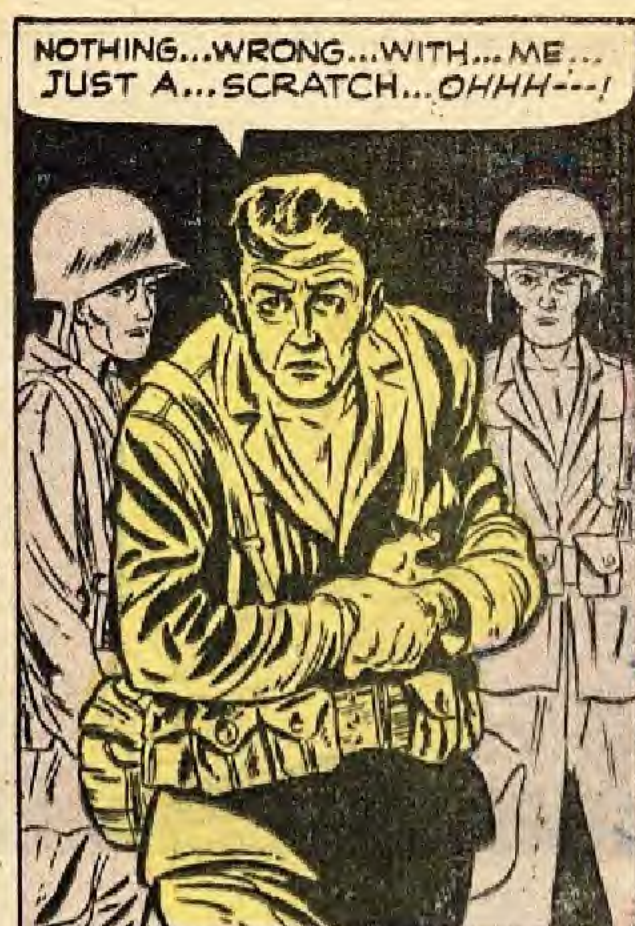
WITH BULLETS FLYING ALL AROUND HIM, BOB TWISTED AND DODGED... AND MADE IT!











NOTHING...WRONG...WITH...ME...  
JUST A...SCRATCH...OH-HH---!

HE  
FAINTED!

BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE! GET  
THAT MEDIC OVER  
HERE... AND **HURRY!**



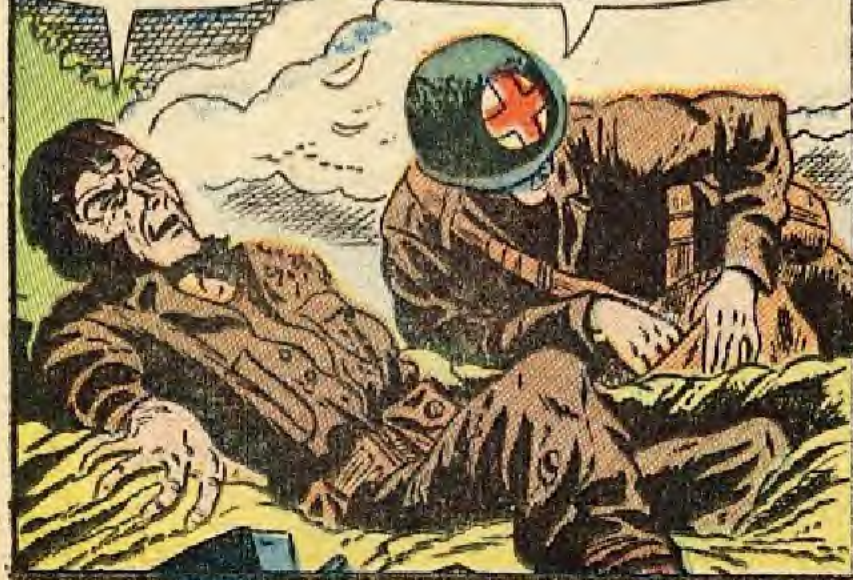
TAKE CARE OF  
THIS GUY, MEDIC...  
HE'S ONE OF  
THE BEST!

THEY ALL ARE,  
SARGE... THEY  
ALL ARE!



I'M OKAY!  
....GET  
AWAY  
FROM ME!

FIRST TIME I EVER  
HEARD **THAT!** MOST  
GUYS ARE ONLY TOO  
GLAD TO GET OFF  
THE LINE!



NOT **ME!** I AIN'T BEEN INSIDE  
A HOSPITAL OR SEEN A  
DOCTOR IN MY LIFE... I'D  
RATHER BE DEAD THAN  
LET ONE OF THEM GUYS  
CUT ME UP!







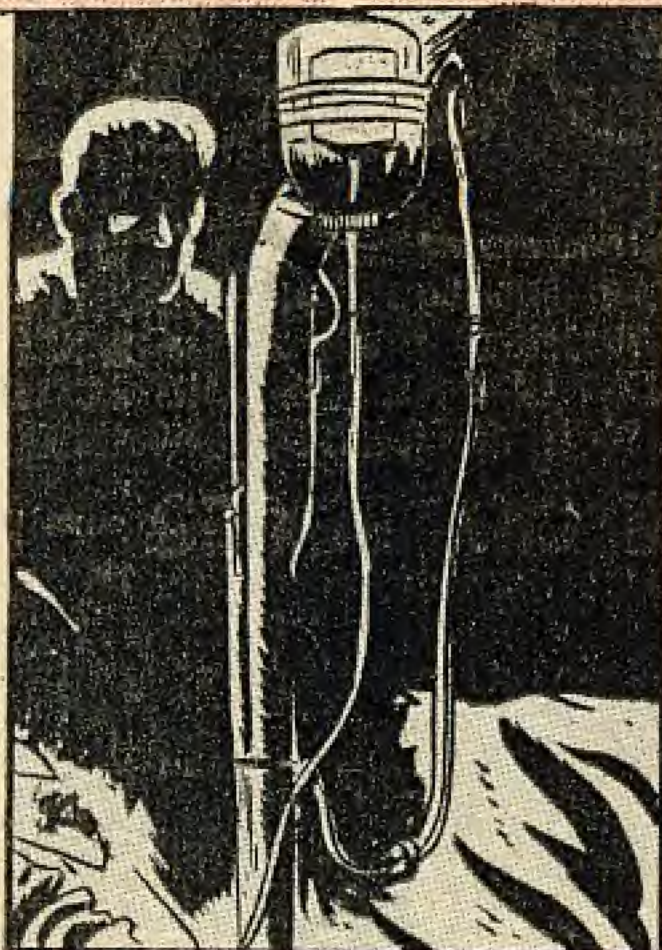
BESIDES, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME... I AIN'T HIT... YOU GOT THE... WRONG GUY... THE... WRONG... GUY... NO... DOCTOR... IS... GONNA...

MAYBE SO MAYBE SO.



HE'S RIGHT... HE WASN'T HIT... BUT HE'S GOT ACUTE APPENDICITIS! TOO LATE TO MOVE HIM. HE'LL HAVE TO BE OPERATED ON HERE... **AND NOW!**

**A**ND SO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, BOB CAIN FELT THE SURGEON'S KNIFE--- IN ORDER TO SAVE THAT LIFE!



**A FEW HOURS LATER...**

THANKS, DOC... I'M KINDA GLAD I PASSED OUT... I DON'T THINK I WOULD'VE LET YOU CUT ME OTHERWISE... NEVER NEEDED A DOCTOR BEFORE!

OH, YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... YOUR RECORD IS STILL INTACT...



...YOU SEE... I'M NO DOCTOR!

**THE END.**



## "FAMOUS BATTLE CRY SERIES — NUMBER 2"

THROUGH THE PAGES OF HISTORY ARE RECORDED FAMOUS BATTLE CRIES OF COMBAT! A BATTLE CRY THAT STARTED ON THE PLAINS OF THE SOUTHWEST AND THEN WAS USED BY AMERICAN PARATROOPERS IN WORLD WAR II. A BATTLE CRY THAT STRUCK TERROR AND FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE ENEMY! THE BATTLE CRY...

# GERONIMO!



SURPRISE WAS THE ELEMENT THE PARATROOPERS CAPITALIZED ON. THEY STRUCK FROM THE BLUE WITH A FIERCENESS THAT DEFIED DESCRIPTION...



THE TACTICS WERE THE SAME AS GERONIMO'S... HIT! DESTROY! KILL! THEN RUN!

OKAY, GUYS, LET'S GO!  
WE GOT A NICE PIECE  
OF WORK CUT OUT  
FOR US!



ONCE AGAIN THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WORKED TO PERFECTION...

C'MON, POUR IT ON,  
MEN, POUR IT ON!





THAT DOES IT! LET'S  
MOP UP AND GO HOME!



MISSION  
ACCOMPLISHED,  
SIR! AND HERE'S  
A LITTLE  
SURPRISE  
PACKAGE  
WE PICKED  
UP ON THE  
WAY BACK!

I HAVE NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE IT  
IN ALL MY YEARS  
OF WAR STRATEGY!  
WHERE DID THEY COME  
FROM? HOW COULD  
THEY HIT US AS HARD  
AS THEY DID? WHO-  
EVER DEvised SUCH  
A STRATEGY?



GERONIMO?  
WHO IS HE?

AN AMERICAN,  
FRITZ! A  
NATIVE  
AMERICAN...  
SIT DOWN AND  
I'LL TELL YOU  
ABOUT THE OLD  
BOY...



**I**  
STARTED  
DURING  
1881  
SOMEWHERE  
IN ARIZONA  
WHEN A  
GROUP OF  
APACHE  
INDIANS  
LEFT  
THEIR  
RESERVATION  
BECAUSE  
THEY HAD  
BEEN  
SEPARATED  
FROM  
THEIR  
FAMILIES...

WE HAVE GATHERED HERE  
IN COUNCIL TO HEAR ONE  
OF OUR WARRIORS SPEAK...



I, GERONIMO HAVE THE ANSWER. THE  
WHITE MAN HAS VIOLATED THE TREATY,  
BUT WE SHALL NOT TAKE THIS LYING  
DOWN LIKE THE COWARDLY RABBIT...  
WE SHALL ATTACK, AND KILL AND  
DESTROY! THEN THE WHITE MAN SHALL  
KNOW THE TERROR OF APACHE REVENGE!



GERONIMO  
HAD SPOKEN!  
AND IT WAS  
DECIDED THAT  
THE YOUNG  
CHIEFTAN WAS  
TO LEAD  
HIS BRAVES  
INTO BATTLE...  
A BATTLE  
THAT WAS TO  
STRIKE TERROR  
AND FEAR  
INTO THE  
HEARTS  
OF EVERY  
WHITE  
SETTLER IN  
THE ARIZONA  
TERRITORY!

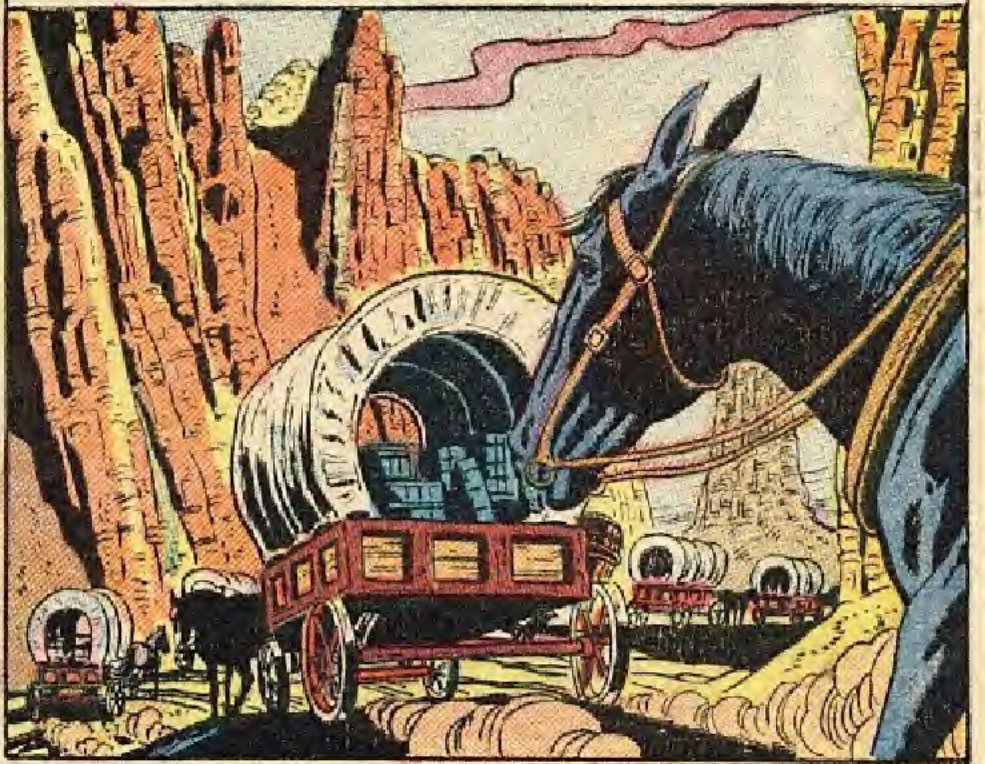




GERONIMO'S SCOUTS RANGED FAR AND WIDE AND FINALLY ONE OF THEM BROUGHT BACK THE NEWS HE WAS WAITING FOR... THE APACHES WERE READY TO ATTACK!



**T**ARGET, NUMBER ONE! A SLOW, UNSUSPECTING WAGON TRAIN. THE SETTING WAS CALM AND PEACEFUL... AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING!



**A**ND THEN GERONIMO AND HIS BRAVES STRUCK!



DESPERATELY THE SETTLERS TRIED TO RIG UP A DEFENSE, BUT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE HAD COMPLETELY HALTED THEM. THEY WERE HELPLESS.



**T**HERE WAS NO RESISTANCE TO GERONIMO'S WARRIORS... THERE COULDN'T BE ANY. THEY WEREN'T PREPARED TO FIGHT OFF THE HORDES OF DEMONS THAT SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE! AND THE RAID WAS OVER AS QUICKLY AS IT BEGAN...



TO THE HILLS, MY WARRIORS! WE WILL STRIKE AGAIN WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT IT!

OH, MIGHTY SPIRIT, THE WHITE MAN HAS FALLEN BEFORE OUR ARROWS AND TOMAHAWKS... YOU HAVE HEARD OUR PRAYERS AND HAVE ANSWERED!





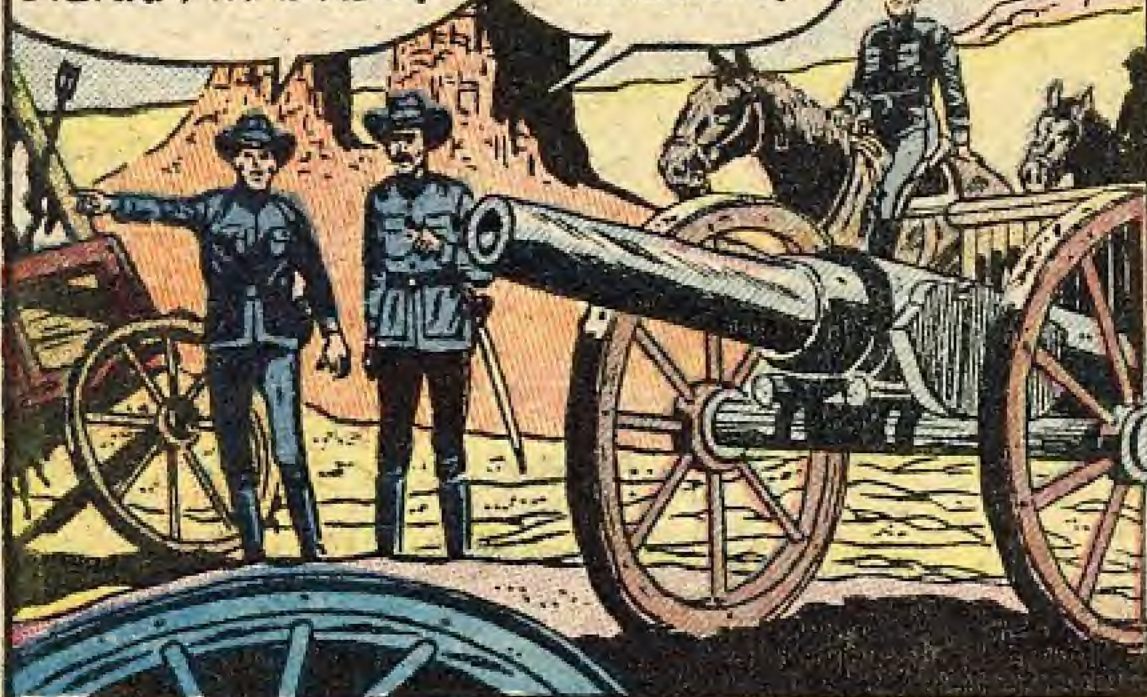
YES, THE WHITE MAN HAD FALLEN BEFORE THE WILEY GERONIMO, AND BEFORE THIS BORDER WAR WAS TO END MANY MORE WOULD FEEL THE STING OF THE APACHE ARROW AND THE BITE OF HIS HATCHET. THE NAME OF GERONIMO WOULD WRITE ITS WAY ON TO THE PAGES OF HISTORY... IN BLOOD, IN TERROR AND IN DESTRUCTION!



WORD OF THE AMBUSH SOON SPREAD, AND AMERICAN CAVALRY TROOPS LED BY GENERAL CROOKS WENT OUT TO WIPE OUT THE RENEGADE APACHES.

THESE ARE INDIAN PONY TRACKS ALL RIGHT! AND THEY LEAD TOWARD THE SIERRA MADRES!

TELL THE MEN TO MOUNT UP, CAPTAIN! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM IF IT TAKES US INTO SOUTH AMERICA!

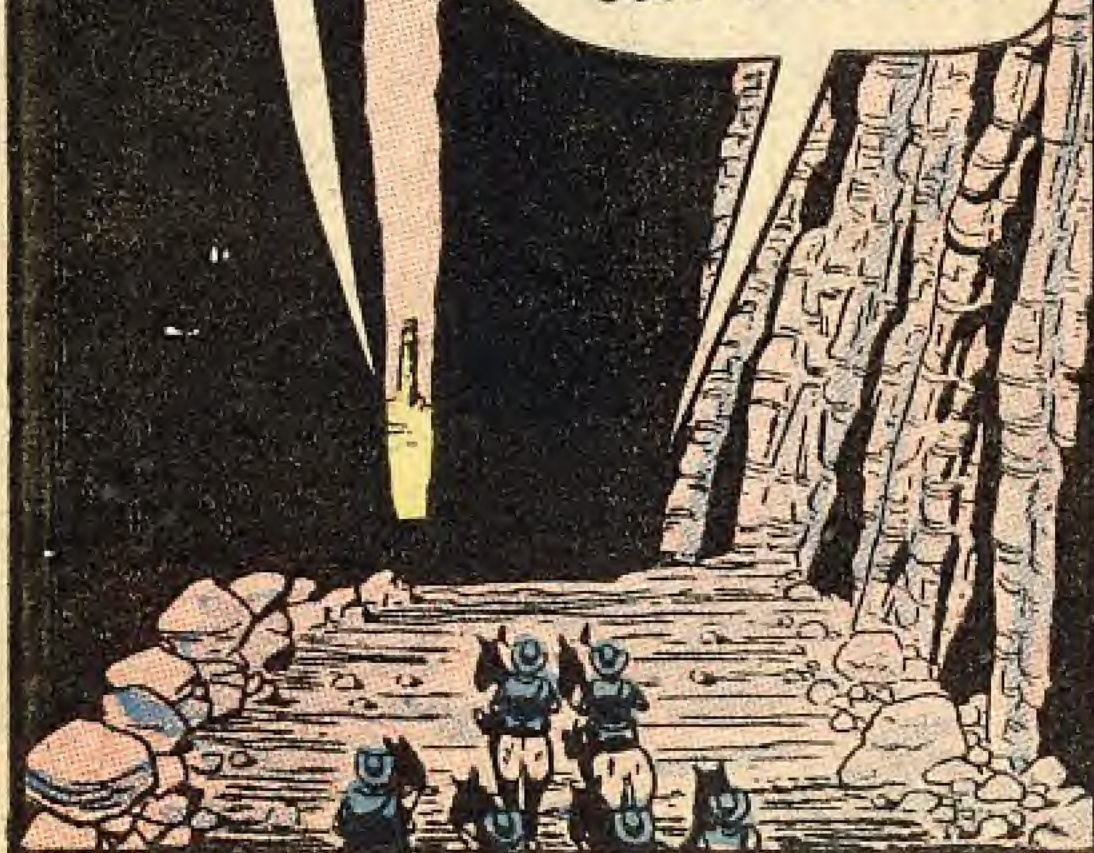


IT DIDN'T TAKE THE TROOPERS TO SOUTH AMERICA, BUT THE TRAIL DID GO ACROSS THE BORDER INTO THE MOUNTAINS OF MEXICO. MOUNTAINS THAT GERONIMO KNEW LIKE THE BACK OF HIS HAND!



I DON'T LIKE THIS, SIR. THINGS ARE TOO QUIET AROUND HERE.

NEITHER DO I, BETTER TELL THE MEN TO MOVE CLOSER TO THE WALLS OF THE CANYON JUST IN CASE...



...GENERAL CROOKS WAS AN ABLE SOLDIER, HE HAD MORE THAN PROVED HIMSELF IN THE CIVIL WAR, BUT HE HAD NEVER MATCHED WITS WITH A WARRIOR LIKE GERONIMO... THIS WAS A NEW TYPE OF BATTLE TO THE GENERAL... ONE HE WAS LIKELY TO REMEMBER FOR SOME TIME!





... SUDDENLY, LIKE LIGHTNING THE APACHES STRUCK!

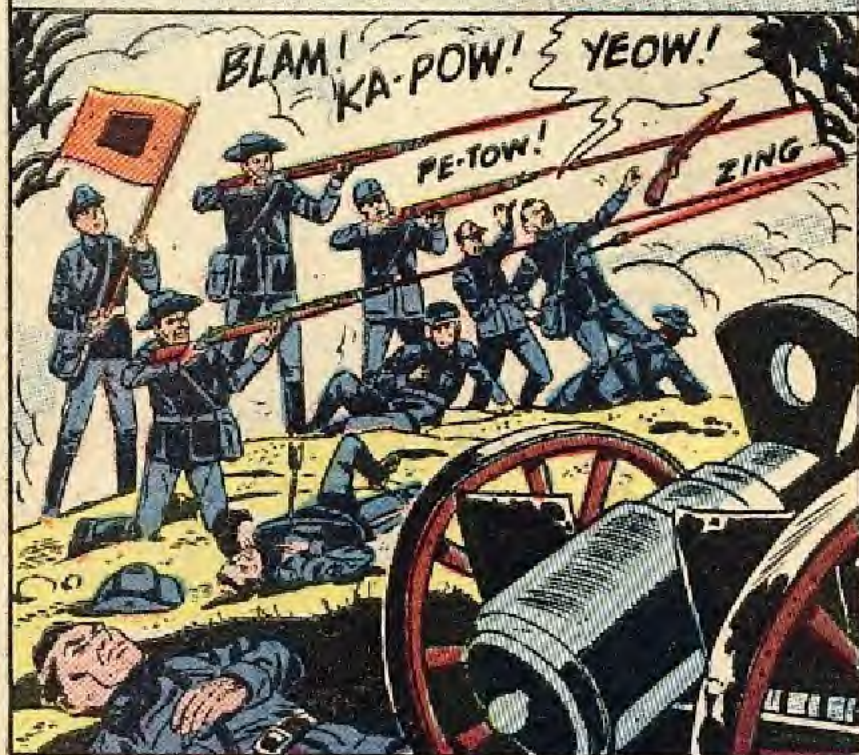


AGAIN THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WAS COMPLETELY ON THE INDIAN'S SIDE... AND THE CAVALRY TROOPS REELED IN PANIC!



GERONIMO!

GERONIMO WAS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION, AND A DEADLY FIRE WAS SET UP WHICH RAKED THE TROOPERS!



IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE GENERAL CROOKS COULD RALLY HIS MEN, BUT WHEN HE DID THE BATTLE BECAME A STALEMATE. GERONIMO REALIZED THE SITUATION AND WAS QUICK TO REACT...

TO THE HORSES, MY BRAVES... TO LIVE TO STRIKE ANOTHER DAY!



AND GERONIMO AND HIS BRAVES DID LIVE TO STRIKE ANOTHER DAY... AND SPREAD A REIGN OF TERROR THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHWEST. HE SHOWED A BRAND OF HIT AND RUN TACTICS THAT WERE UNPARALLELED IN MILITARY HISTORY...





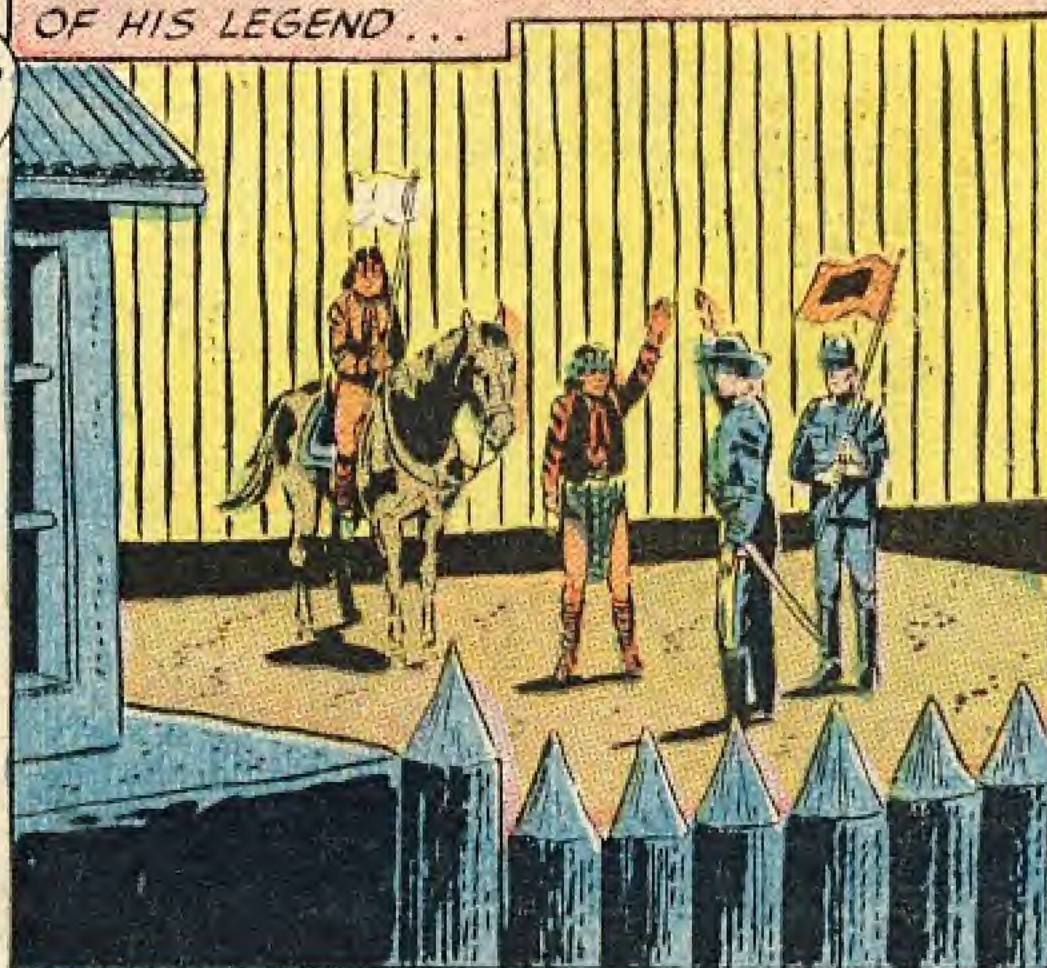
THE WAR RAGED FOR FOUR YEARS, AND THEN FINALLY A GROUP OF HIGH-RANKING AMERICAN OFFICERS HEADED BY GENERAL MILES MET FOR A CONFERENCE AT ONE OF THE BORDER FORTS...

IT'S NO USE, GENTLEMEN, WE'VE TRIED FOR FOUR YEARS TO BEAT GERONIMO, AND HE'S MATCHED WITS WITH US AT EVERY TURN! NEVER HAVE I RUN UP AGAINST AN OPPONENT *LIKE* GERONIMO! MY RECOMMENDATION TO THE BOARD IS THAT WE COME TO TERMS!

GRANTED! ANYTHING TO STOP THIS SHEDDING OF BLOOD... IT'S SO BAD THAT PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO SETTLE IN THE SOUTHWEST.



THE MEETING WAS ARRANGED AND AFTER SOME HAGGLING, BOTH SIDES AGREED TO THE TERMS... THIS WAS THE END OF GERONIMO'S STORY... BUT NOT THE END OF HIS LEGEND...



OUR PARATROOPERS ADOPTED THE BATTLE CRY IN NORTH AFRICA AND THE REST IS HISTORY!

A VERY IMPRESSIVE STORY, MEIN HERR — STRANGE WE HAD NEVER HEARD OF YOUR GERONIMO BEFORE.



PERHAPS -- BUT YOU WILL HEAR EVEN *MORE* OF HIM FROM NOW ON.



AND THEY DID! THE TERROR CRY WAS TO STRIKE PANIC INTO THE HEARTS OF EVERY ENEMY DIVISION! IT CAME INTO CONTACT WITH... AND USING EVERY TACTIC THAT THE WILEY INDIAN HAD DEVISED OF HIT AND RUN, THEY BECAME KNOWN AS... *DEVILS IN BAGGY PANTS!*



The End





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# “With God...

**all things are possible!”**

**A**re you facing difficult *Problems*? Poor *Health*? *Money* or *Job Troubles*? *Love* or *Family Troubles*? Are you *Worried* about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you *Drinking* too Much? Do you ever get *Lonely* — *Unhappy* — *Discouraged*? Would you like to have more *Happiness*, *Success* and “*Good Fortune*” in *Life*?

If you do have any of these *Problems*, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful *NEWS* — *NEWS* of a remarkable *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious *NEW* happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in *PRAYER* or not, this remarkable *NEW WAY* may bring a whole *NEW* world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *IN ANY WAY* — we invite you to clip this *Message* now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush *FULL INFORMATION* to you by *AIR MAIL* about this remarkable *NEW WAY* of *PRAYER* that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help *YOU*!

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this *Message* now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to *LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP*, Box 7607, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful *NEW Message* of *PRAYER* and *FAITH* to you by *AIR MAIL*.



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PUSH-BUTTON STEERING . . . TORQUE MOTOR  
INDOORS ON RUGS . . . OUT DOORS ON PAVEMENT.  
OVERALL SOLID METAL BASE

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